

THE NEW YORK SKYSCRAPER



BY ROY L. M'CARDELL.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTER.

John Warren, after fifteen years as an inmate of the household of Laura Jeffrey Brenton, suddenly finds himself treated like a dog. Unknown to him his previous good fortune has been due to the operation of Brenton's will, which would have left a fortune to the will of Thomas Warren, who became rich through a mining system devised by Warren's father. That will does not mention John. Hence the change. Warren is a man of letters, a student of the law, a scholar, and knows down the lawyer's dispositive will, whom he meets blushing in the library.

Helen Harrington, bound to do good with her millions, found a "half-breed" settlement, and under the name of "Half-Breed Settlement," she has been working. Found out as the great heiress, at length, and realizing that her influence in the settlement is at an end, she refuses to go to work as if to earn her own living. Driven from the settlement she sees Warren's affair with Brenton, in the library.

Helen becomes a stranger in the office of Jenkins Leonard, who supplies everything on the installment plan, and whose office is in her own Matterhorn Building. Jack Warren gets temporary lodgings at the cheap Rembrandt Hotel, in Mulberry street, having lost of his association with the Brentons. He makes a great lot of light-house money, and meets a "scrappy" Smith, reporter, who is staying at the Rembrandt under cover for a story.

Smith gets Jack a job with the International Art and Literary Bureau, offices in the Matterhorn Building. Helen and her friends meet in Leonard's office and become fast friends.

Jack and Helen have the same ideas on the condition of the money.

A syndicate paying 500 per cent. a year opens in the Matterhorn Building. Richard Brenton is behind it. Jack and Helen marry. Magruder, the tramp, overhears a plot to kill Jack. He attacks Jeffrey Brenton and is stabbed by Richard.

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CHAPTER VIII.

Wherein Many Matters Pertinent Are Set Forth.

"It was called the Great Eastern Banking and Investment Syndicate. But to its fortunate patrons it was known as 'The Money Mill'."

Ten per cent. weekly had been paid all depositors, large and small; these told their friends and the Great Eastern Banking and Investment Syndicate was overwhelmed with small investors. The Money Mill now occupied one whole floor in the great Matterhorn Building. Depositors stood in line for hours waiting for their turns to get at the receiving cashier's window to place their money in such good hands. By every mail the money poured in by cash and check and order. And every week the happy investors shared in the great and growing prosperity of the Money Mill. Everybody was getting rich. The widow drew her money from the savings bank, the small tradesman advised his customers to invest as he did. Now was the golden era when every man could get rich. The Money Mill would make them all millionaires!

The International Art and Literary Bureau had practically suspended operations in so far as art and literature were concerned. Cobalt talked of the wonders of the Money Mill's golden grid everywhere he went. Chris and "Hot" were living like princes in a small bachelor apartment hotel on Central Park West.

Harry Hotspur Ripley was contemplating a trip to Paris and had his chum, Christopher Columbus Griggs, in a state of nervous anticipation over the delights of art life in the great pleasure city—Paris.

And then a change came over Chris.

HOW VESSEL WENT DOWN.

Survivors of Arandhu-Winter Collision Arrived in Port.

Twenty-eight men who composed the crew of the steamship Arandhu, of the Union line, which was sunk Wednesday off Vineyard Haven by the Boston liner Herman Winter, arrived here this morning under the charge of Mate John Lee on the Fall River boat Pilgrim.

The men arrived in perfect health. All their belongings are in the Sound, and they had to borrow clothes in which to come here. They tell a story of a battle for life after the bow of the Winter had nearly cut their vessel in half, and they charge Capt. Grove, of the Winter, with not giving them assistance.

Capt. George Dundas, of the Arandhu, is staying by his ship, and an effort will be made soon to raise and repair her.

The two vessels came together at a very early hour in the morning when more than half of the crew were asleep between decks, and they had to scramble for their lives after the crash and

he came and went at unreasonable hours and seemed strange and stupefied. A coldness grew up between them, and one day Chris took his belongings and left. Hotspur saw him in the park in a hansom a few days later. Chris was in the company of a stalwart young man of sinister aspect whom Hotspur remembered having seen enter the private office entrance to the Money Mill upon several occasions.

Chris's eyes were bright and his cheeks were flushed. He did not see Hotspur, who waved his hand at him. "He looks dopey," remarked the astute Hotspur. "Whoever that gent is with poor old Chris he is doing him no good. I wonder if it's opium or morphine?" And so wondering Hotspur kept on his way across the park.

The man in the hansom with Chris was, as may have been inferred, none other than Richard Brenton. He was speaking: "Come, come," he said, "the man. What is it to you? The young woman is rich. I love her. I think she loves me, too. A few days work by you, and both of us are made for life. I have paid you \$1,000. When you complete the work I will place \$50,000 in your hands. It isn't the Matterhorn money I want; it is the girl. As you may know, I am one of the largest investors in the Great Eastern. I will be able to buy the Matterhorn in another year!"

"I think you are the devil come to earth to drag me down to hell!" cried Chris hoarsely. "I had quit the cursed drug, morphine! I was honest and honorable and had a good, true friend, who, if you told him I had debased myself



DAY BY DAY CHRIS TOILED OVER THE INFLUENCE OF THE DRUG.

at your instigation as I have done, would have struck you in the face for a liar. You have lost my honor, you have made me a laughing stock, and you are not the devil—who do you want my soul?"

And day by day Chris, under the influence of the insidious drug that sapped his whole moral fibre, toiled upon the will of the late Thomas Harrington. In the formulation of it Jeffrey and Richard Brenton had worked with energy worthy of a saint.

Their scheme was a daring one, but from its very daring, it succeeded. The wonderful intuitive ingenuity of Chris was now called into play. By means of the original will and certain letters of the late millionaire mine owner in the possession of the Brentons, Chris was to construct a new will.

In this it was specified that upon reaching her twenty-first birthday, his daughter Helen was to marry Richard Brenton, son of his legal adviser, Jeffrey Brenton. In case she refused to marry Richard Brenton the latter was to be deprived of all of the Harrington estate, including the Matterhorn Building. He earnestly enjoined that this would be construed as a condition of the marriage, and he concluded with the blessing of the dead father for the living daughter should she marry the husband she will selected for her.

Stripped of its legal phraseology, that was the reading of the will which Chris was charged with framing at the instigation of the Brentons, father and son.

In their power they kept him, under the influence of the drug, to which he had been once and was now again a slave. Upon occasion, as we have shown, they had overdone the matter,

and allowed their victim too free access to the drug.

When not overdone with the drug Chris labored faithfully at the nefarious work of forging the will. He took a childish delight in his marvellous mimicry of the dead man's handwriting. And over his shoulder constantly stood his evil genius, Richard Brenton.

"Whether such a document would stand in law or not isn't the question," said the elder Brenton one day, as he and his villainous son stood over the drugged fellow.

"You know the girl, Richard, she has strange ways about her, and her worship of the memory of her father, whom she can scarcely remember, is the strongest point in my favor. So far as we know, she is heart free. And if she has any intention of entering the con-



tract, where you are stopping?"

So it came to pass that the book was interrupted in its making, the card parties were resumed at a west side family hotel and the little flat in Harlem was never again the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Warren.

Mr. Smith had his interview with James Magruder. He came away with mingled emotion.

For poor old Happy Hours had been the vicarious sacrifice. He had received a death wound, but in the administering of it the head of the swindling trust had shown itself.

Jack and Helen called to see the dying man. His face lit up at sight of them.

"Heaven bless your sweet face!" he said to Helen. "I've seen it somewhere before. Yes, yes—you are my partner's little girl!"

"His mind is wandering," said the nurse. "Don't mind what he says. A light flickered in the eyes of the dying man."

"The gambler's instinct, I suppose," answered Richard, lightly. "But, I tell you, old man, I did the right thing at the right time. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. Miss Harrington's millions, despite your death-bed wishes of her father, as expressed in the Money Mill, are something tangible. When we have taken in two millions we will clear out. Colston will disappear into the slums again, and when the hue and cry of our dupes has died down will go to Europe to squander his share of the swag in riotous living. Who will know of my connection with the swindle any more than the few who have carried through successfully?"

We left Helen hurrying from the park, and the generously wounded James Magruder being conveyed from the same place in a Bellevue Hospital ambulance.

Helen delivered her warning to Jack and he immediately laid the matter before his friend Smith.

The latter scratched his head softly. "You won't think wrong of me if I tell you not to go home for a week or two," said Scrapy, after a moment's reflection. "I must see old Magruder and find out

HAVE SAVED 2,027 LIVES.

Volunteer Corps Now Has 654 Crews at Work.

The tenth annual report of the Volunteer Life-Saving Corps of the State of New York is out.

A statement of its work shows that it has 654 life-saving crews, and his distributed 2,000 life-saving buoys on all the inland waters of the State.

During the past six years it has saved 2,027 people from drowning.

One of the works upon which the corps prides itself most is that it has taught thousands of persons to swim, and to rescue and resuscitate the unconscious when taken from the water.

The Life-Saving Corps also has fifty-six stations in New Jersey, and is organizing stations in Pennsylvania, too.

Gov. Roosevelt, Lieut.-Gov. Woodruff, Mayor Van Wyck and nearly every other prominent public man in this State are honorary members.

The chief support of the organization is from voluntary subscriptions, the funds being used for life-saving apparatus.

what he knows. We are closing in on the heads of the conspiracy, and any encounter with their poor, cheap heels will only mean the scaring off of the people we are after. Personally I would like to go to your little Harlem home and have an interview with the parties who are laying for you with the amiable intention of killing you with a piece of lead pipe—they generally have it wrapped up in a newspaper—but I don't want to scare off the big fellows. We can get the sprats after we catch the whales. Meanwhile I will see the managing editor and you and your wife will take rooms at some nice, quiet family hotel at the paper's expense. It will be all right."

The managing editor confirmed Scrapy's surmise. "You will follow Mr. Smith's instructions, Mr. Warren," he said. "Take rooms with your wife at some quiet hotel; don't go near your flat until you get word from Mr. Smith, and do not tell any one, except Mr. Smith, where you are stopping."

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plies, for Red Cross educational work in drilling the members of the corps in resuscitating for honor medals and for a medal bed for life-savers, who often become disabled or sick from exposure in New York Harbor.

In 1899 455 lives were saved, and 112 medals awarded.

The headquarters of the corps are at 64 Park Row.

Woman Restaurant Bankrupt.

Miss Virginia Phillips, manager of the Maryland Kitchen, 24 West Thirty-fourth street, in her petition in bankruptcy, filed yesterday, says she has \$2,077 liabilities. She names as her creditors five grocers, five doctors and five hotels. Five dollars, she says, is the sum total of her assets.

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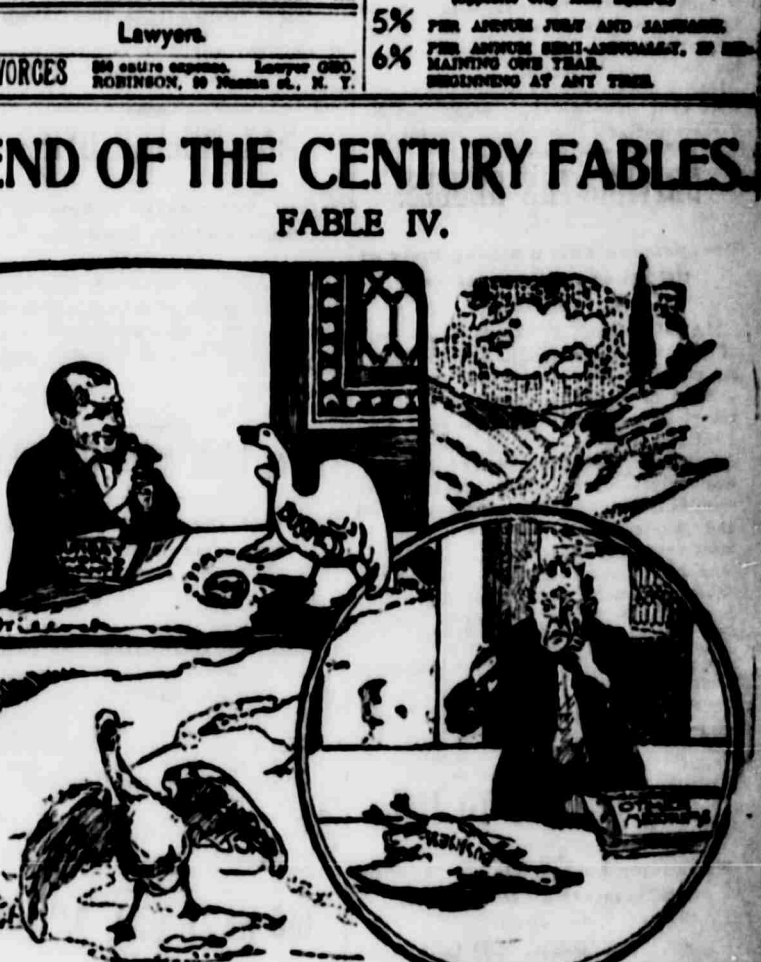
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FABLE IV.



A MAN who owned a Goose fed it a certain kind of Nutritious Food and was Repaid with Golden Eggs. He thrived and was fast becoming Rich when he changed the Food, thinking the Goose would not need such Good Food now that it had acquired the Habit of laying the golden eggs. With the change in Food the Goose soon Sickened and Died.

MORAL—SUNDAY WORLD WANTS ARE A MOST EXCELLENT FOOD FOR YOUR BUSINESS AND INSURE GOLD RETURNS. DO NOT CHANGE FOR SOMETHING YOU KNOW NOTHING ABOUT.

Continued Tomorrow.